

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR.

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WITHOUT CONCEALMENT...WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

EDMUND QUINCY, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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Selections.

ANTICIPATED COLLISION IN THE UNITED STATES—THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

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Mild and gentle and respectful as was this application, it has raised a storm of indignation and abuse from those whom it was addressed, which we are sure the fair applicants did not expect, but which is a surprise to those who have studied the indomitable pride of the Americans, and the judicial blindness of the British empire. The Americans, in point of fact, had the advantage of this country in humanity and enlightenment, for slave institutions were already denounced by many of them, at a period when no agitation on the subject had as yet arisen among ourselves. By the result of substituting some form of State government for that which had been demolished that the sagacious Americans of those days devised the scheme of confederation, uniting thirteen independent States into a single Union. Such a coalition could not, of course, take place without some reciprocal concessions, and one of the stipulations then made by the free States in favour of the slaves States was, that runaway slaves should be surrendered. At first this provision was acted upon without much difficulty or disturbance; but, on a certain trial, it was determined that, as the original law formed part of the federal constitution, it could be enforced only by federal officers—that is to say, by officers representing the supreme government, and not by the officers of any particular State. As the duties, however, of the supreme government in America are not numerous, its local representatives are proportionately few, and one or two officers only are to be found even in the largest States. The consequence, therefore, was, that the law became virtually ineffectual for want of an executive. The federal staff of the district was too short-handed for the capture and surrender of the fugitives, and it was in aid of the machinery thus found to be defective that the new "Fugitive Slave Law," so termed, was passed the other day. As a general conclusion, the reader may understand that the legislation in question involved no novelty at all. Its spirit was simply that of the original constitution which called the Union into being. It had always been enacted and determined that slaves escaping to free States should be given up, and the new law did no more than give effect to old provisions which had become accidentally inoperative. This is the case of the slaveholders, and of the party who may be called constitutionalists, that is to say, who without reference to their private feelings, support the slaveholders in the rights secured to them by the constitution. As a simple case of law, plain, uncontested, and not without a certain show of justice, it cannot be impugned.

On the other hand, the opponents of the observance have on their side, arguments of a very forcible nature, which they claim a priority over all law whatever. In all free countries, and in those most which are the freest, it has invariably been maintained that certain instinctive conceptions of right and reason may take forcible precedence of statute obligations. It is to this understanding, that political freedom and religious liberty are directly due. If our ancestors had not proceeded on such convictions, we should never have had a Protestant Church or a constitutional monarchy; and, to use a more pointed illustration, we may say, that if all Americans had passively yielded to existing ordinances, that obedience which is now claimed for the Fugitive Slave Law, there would never have been any United States. The Americans obtained their independence by declaring and maintaining certain rights inherent in man above and beyond the control of written statutes; and it is this very privilege which is now asserted by the opponents of Slavery. They say that no law of man can possibly justify institutions so manifestly repugnant to the law of nature, and that an evil so monstrous as that of Slavery calls for resistance and suppression, without respect to traditional allegiance or political obligation. Unfortunately, too, the new law is trying their principles to the very utmost, for it exerts from them not merely a passive acquiescence in these institutions, but an active co-operation in maintaining their vitality. By compelling them to surrender a miserable fugitive who has sought asylum by their sides, it makes them bear a part in the horrors they abominate; and it will be readily comprehended that many a citizen who would never dream of commanding a crusade against slaveholders would nevertheless reluctantly refuse to be made personally instrumental in the capture and surrender of a slave. Yet it is equally evident that, without the enforcement of some such law, the rights—if rights they can be called—of the slave proprietors must be speedily destroyed. It has been represented that the existing arrangements form a species of compromise; and such is no doubt, in some degree, the case. All the tedium, in fact, not only of opinion and legislation, but of political growth, has been in favour of the free States, as opposed to the slave States. The former command a majority in every occasion, and no opportunities have been lost of strengthening this ascendancy. We might almost say, indeed, that the "Monroe policy," prescribed for the Union in its foreign relations has been adopted and enforced with respect to the institutions of Slavery. These institutions have not been seriously threatened with abolition; on the contrary, it has been generally resolved to protect them; but they are permitted to exist only on sufferance, and are rigidly confined to their present territorial limits, with a positive veto upon any expansion* and an obvious desire that they should decay within their own barriers. All this cannot be denied; but it is argued with some reason by the opponents of the law, that its provisions contain practically no compromise whatever, and that in empowering a slaveholder to follow his slave even into a free State, and exact the aid of that State in recovering his property, it really conveys all the authority and license which the most determined advocates of Slavery could demand. These considerations, acting on the natural independence of the American character, and seconded by the facilities existing for State legislation, have conspired to render the enforcement of the law extremely difficult, and the complications of the case even worse than before. Free States, in the exercise of their undoubted rights, pass laws for the express purpose of expatriating the slave States, and rendering the extradition of fugitives as impracticable as they can. The slave States in turn demand their constitutional privileges, threaten secession from the Union in case of refusal, secure the support of all moderate politicians by this menace, and then insist, with vindictive triumph, on the rights thus acquired. What renders the question so perilous, too, is, that every successive case occurring under the law gives occasion to popular outbreaks, any one of which may swell into something like civil war. If the differences of opinion were purely speculative, there might be some chance of avoiding a collision; but where

the whole dispute, with its thousand aggravations, is brought, periodically before the public in its most practical and offensive form, it seems impossible to anticipate that peace can be long preserved.—*London Times*, Feb. 14th.

THE LADIES OF ENGLAND AND THE LADIES OF AMERICA ON THE QUESTION OF SLAVERY.

GEORGE CANNING, at the close of the long French war, said, "the next war will be one of principle." We have an illustration of this prophecy before us. A war has broken out between the fair ladies of England and of the United States, on the question of Slavery. It is not, however, a combat with deadly weapons, which two nations of Amazons would resort to, but is confined to weapons of a peaceful character, though often sharply pointed, such as become the enlightened of the nineteenth century. But it is to all intents and purposes "a war of principle."

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In the historical fact you are certainly correct. The colony of Virginia, and I believe, most of the other colonies, were constant and earnest in their remonstrances; and one of the causes set forth in the Declaration of Independence was, that the king of Great Britain was a continuance of the Slave Trade on the part of the Colonies. Thus, then, England not only permitted but encouraged the Slave Trade, for a period of a century and a half, as a means of swelling her coffers; and the infamous traffic could only be expelled from this country by the force and power of the sword. Your Kings and Queens, sustained by your Parliament and people, entered into treaties and formed contracts for the purpose of putting an end to the import of profit from the Slave Trade. The voice of the slaves, and the shrill声 of Africa was perfect music to the ears of the British crown; and all merry England danced with joy at the pleasant sound. You have been well informed, doubtless, of the treaties made by your Queen Anne, of "blessed memory," and the crown of Spain, which stipulated a monopoly of the trade in close partnership with the world beside. Yes, you are surely correct in ascribing whatever there is of morality or crime, in the present condition of the Southern States, to the want of remonstrance restrained in vain until now. England's soul was pure gold told into the treasury—nd all merry England danced with joy at the pleasant sound. You have been well informed, doubtless, of the treaties made by your Queen Anne, of "blessed memory," and the crown of Spain, which stipulated a monopoly of the trade in close partnership with the world beside. Yes, you are surely correct in ascribing whatever there is of morality or crime, in the present condition of the Southern States, to the want of remonstrance restrained in vain until now. 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turn of fugitive slaves. I will add other citations besides those I have given:

"The constitution proceeds upon this doctrine which it provides for the capture of fugitive slaves. Why did it not provide for the capture of a fugitive horse or ox? Why did it not provide that, if a horse or an ox should escape from a slave State into a free State, it should be delivered up, or be recoverable by legal process? Because horses and oxen are property, by the common consent of mankind. It needed no law to make them property. They are property by the law of nations, by the English common law, by the law of every State in this Union—white men and women are not. An escaped slave could not be recovered before the adoption of the constitution. The power to seize upon escaping slaves was one of the motives for adopting it," p. 195.

"A will a slave, escaping to Great Britain, or to any of her colonial possessions, be reclaimable? Examining Somerset's case for an answer. No, sir. Neither the third clause of the second section of the fourth article of the constitution nor the law of 1793 will ever be extended over the Three Kingdoms or their dependencies," p. 215.

"Or to leave metaphor for literal speech: The constitution of the United States gave the most comprehensive and fundamental guarantees in favour of freedom, with her and there only an exception in favour of slavery. It allowed 'persons' who were held to service or labour, and who should escape into other States, to be retaken, but it also secured the trial by jury to every 'person' who should claim it on any question of life or liberty, and on all questions of property, even down to the paltry sum of twenty dollars," p. 540.

"The constitution says, he shall be 'delivered up'; There the obligation of that instrument ceases," p. 354.

In those elaborate and able arguments against the Fugitive Slave Law to which I have referred, Mr. Mann ransacks the whole Constitution, availing himself of every word that will strengthen his points; but no where does he base a single argument on this new 'interpretation' that slaves are not referred to in what is commonly called the slave clause. He expatiates long and ably on the fact that the Slave Act violates the law of God, but no where explicitly says that the return of a slave, under any circumstances, or with any safeguards, violates the Constitution.

Now the question which I have so often asked of Mr. Mann and his friends, and which Mr. Sutherland asked him, repeat: Do Free Soilers, confessing that the Constitution orders the return of fugitive slaves, still find 'no difficulty in swearing to support it, and maintain that it requires nothing in violation of the law of God'?

This question I have been putting to Mr. Mann and other Free Soilers for years. In this very letter, there is the same lack of explicitness. After all, Mr. Mann does not tell us what the 'interpretation' is which Free Soilers put upon the Constitution. The Whigs have, it seems, asked the same question before. What answer they get, we see in Mr. Mann's speech, Sept. 16, 1851. Of their address, he says:

"It goes into an elaborate palliation of the Fugitive Slave law itself. It first attempts to shift the question by asking the Free Soilers what they would do with regard to the constitutional provision respecting escaped slaves. The views of the Free Soil party on this point, and their purpose of fidelity to the constitution, have set forth a hundred times. In further answer, therefore, to this question, I trust it is only necessary to remark that the Free Soil party will do what they say, and not pass ten long years in ascertaining, and protesting, and resolving, and calling Earth and Heaven to witness their devotion to Freedom, and then disavow all they had ever avowed, and foreswear their oaths."

"Mr. MANN. I hope the gentleman will not interrupt me further." It is the very point. You and others—I say it with all possible respect—disturb the harmony of this House and the country, by trying to get up issues upon abstract questions of morality, which have nothing whatever to do with the proceedings of this House, or with correct public sentiment. If I should undertake to make an issue between you and me upon this subject of Slavery, it would be wrong. Yet you get up here, and attempt to make this issue before the country. You get up an issue upon an immaterial question of morality, which simply tends to excite men, without any practical benefit.

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"They [the South] complain of northern agitation on the subject of Slavery, and northern instigation of the slaves themselves. On the subject of 'agitation,' I deny that the North has ever overstepped the limits of their constitutional rights. They have never agitated the question of Slavery in the States. It has been only in regard to Slavery in this District, or the annexation of Texas, or the acquisition of territory for the extension of Slavery, or the imprisonment of her own citizens in southern ports, or a denial of the inviolable right of petition; it has been only on such subjects that the North has lifted up the voice of exhortation and remonstrance."

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"I will, a slave, escaping to Great Britain, or to any of her colonial possessions, be reclaimable? Examining Somerset's case for an answer. No, sir. Neither the third clause of the second section of the fourth article of the constitution nor the law of 1793 will ever be extended over the Three Kingdoms or their dependencies," p. 215.

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Miscellaneous Department.

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1853.

The *Literary World* gives some extracts from a forthcoming work on this country by M. and Madame de la Motte. We copy a portion of them, which will be of special interest to our readers:

A BIRTH-DAY MATINÉE.

[For the Standard.]
How the birth-days come and go,
Till like February's snow,
They but remind of long ago!
Long ago—when the ring
Of the blood's unbound fling,
Was like a rill, let loose by Spring.

Now, the pulse's broken play
Is like the snow, snivid, to day,
And the Spring seems far away!

Fare away—it only seems—

While like lover's hope, in dreams,
'Neath calm of sleep, the Great Hope tema!

Teems with an awakening life,
As the buried seed, now ripe!

With an inward swell and strife:
Strike to break the frozen cold

On which Winter long hath trod,

And ascend to laugh with God.

Laugh with such a holy laugh
As the blossom which doth quell

Sweetest news—from Heaven help,

And help from its cold place of birth,

Where it broke the frigid earth

In its awakening, bounding mirth.

Should Joy memorize the day
With such strife of romping play

As greet the youth, on life's highway,

'T would be more than years could bear—

More than stricken lines of care,

Writ in whitening hands of hair.

So God fits the birth-day cheer

To the Great Hope booming near,

When chill Februa's here :

And, list! the grateful chickedeas

As now I sing, sings back to me:

"Life is gracious unto thee."

Feb. 23, 1852.

Sometimes, one of my relations or acquaintances is so obliging as to ask me to dinner. Those are holiday occasions, and then I generally walk in the Park. I am a solitary man, and seldom walk with anybody. Not that I am avoided because I am shabby; for I am not at all shabby, having always a very good suit of black on (or rather Oxford mixture, which has the appearance of black and wears much better); but I have got into the habit of speaking low, and being rather silent, and my spirit is not high, and I am sensible that I am not an attractive companion.

The only exception to this general rule is the child of my first cousin, Little Frank. I have a particular affection for that child, and he takes very kindly to me. He is a diffident boy by nature; and in a crowd he is soon run over, as I may say, and forgotten. He and I, however, get on exceedingly well. I have a fancy that the poor child will in time succeed to my peculiar position in the family. We talk but little; still, we understand each other. We walk about hand in hand; and without much speaking he knows what I mean, and I know what he means. When he was very little indeed, I used to take him to the windows of the toy-shops, and show him the toys inside. It is surprising how soon he found out that I would have made him a great many presents if I had been in circumstances to do it.

Little Frank and I go and look at the outside of the Monument—he is very fond of the Monument—and at the Bridges, and at all the sights that are free. On two of my birth-days, we dined on a-la-mode beef, and gone at half-price to the play, and been deeply interested. I was once walking with him in Lombard Street, which we often visit on account of my having mentioned there are great riches there—he is a very fond of Lombard Street—when a gentleman said to me "he was passed by," "Sir, your little son has dropped his glove." I assure you, I will excuse my remarking on so trivial a circumstance, this accidental mention of the child as mine, quite touched my heart and brought the foolish tears to my eyes.

When little Frank is sent to school in the country I shall be very much at a loss what to do with myself but I have the intention of walking down there once a month and seeing him on a half-holiday. I am told he will then be at play upon the Heath; and if my visits should be objected to, as unsettling the child, I can see him from a distance without his seeing me, and walk back again. His mother comes of a highly genteel family, and rather disapproves. I am aware of our being too much together. I know that I am not calculated to improve his retiring disposition, but I think he would miss me very much during the moment, if we were wholly separated.

When I die in the Clapham Road, I shall not leave much more in this world than I shall take out of it; but I happen to have a miniature of a bright-faced boy, with a curling head, and an open shirt-front waving down his bosom (my brother had it taken for me, but I can't believe it was ever like), which will be worth nothing to sell; and which I shall bag may be given to Frank. I have written my dear boy a little letter with it, in which I have told him that I felt very sorry to part from him, though bound to confess that I knew no reason why I should remain here. I have given him some short advice, the best in my power, to take warning of the consequences of being nobody's enemy but my own; and I have endeavored to comfort him for what I fear he will consider a bereavement, by pointing out to him that I was only a superfluous something to every one but him, and that having by some means failed to find a place in this great assembly, I am better off out of it.

Such (said the poor relation, clearing his throat and beginning to speak a little louder) is the general impression about me. Now, it is a remarkable circumstance which forms the aim and purpose of my story, that this is all wrong. This is not my life, and these are not my habits. I do not even live in the Clapham Road. Comparatively speaking, I am very alone there. I reside mostly, in a—almost ashamed to say the word, it sounds so full of pretension—in a Castle. I do not mean that it is an old baronial habitation, but still it is a building always known to every one by the name of a Castle. In I preserve the particulars of my history; they run thus:

It was when I first took John Spatter (who had been my clerk) into partnership, and when I was still a young man of not more than five-and-twenty, residing in the house of my uncle Chill from whom I had considerable expectations, that I ventured to propose to Christians. I had loved Christians a long time. She was very beautiful, and very winning in all respects. I rather mistrusted her widowhood, who I feared was of a plotting and mercenary turn of mind; but I thought as well of her as I could, for Christians's sake. I never had loved any one but Christians, and she had been all the world, and O far more than all the world, to me, from our childhood!

Christians accepted me with her mother's consent, and I was rendered very happy indeed. My life at my Uncle Chill's was of a spare dull kind, and my garret chamber was as dull, and bare, and cold, as an upper prison room in some stern northern fortress. But, having Christians's love, I wanted nothing upon earth. I would not have changed my lot with any human being.

Avarice was, unhappily, my Uncle Chill's master-piece. Though he was rich, he pinched, and scraped, and clutched, and lived miserably. As Christians had no fortune, I was for some time a little fearful of confessing our engagement to him; but, at length I wrote him a letter, saying how it all truly was, I put it into his hand one night, on going to bed.

As I came down stairs next morning, shivering in the cold December air, colder in my uncle's unwarmed house than in the street, where the winter sun did sometimes shine, and which was at all events enlivened by cheerful faces and voices passing along; I carried a heavy heart towards the long, low breakfast-room in which my uncle sat. It was a large window in which the rain had marked in the night as if with the tears of houseless people. It was as if the tears of houseless people.

As I held out my hand to him, he caught up his (being infirm, he always walked about the house with a stick), and made a blow at me, and said, "You fool!"

"Uncle!" I returned, "I didn't expect you to be so angry as this!" Nor had I expected it, though he was a hard and angry old man.

"You didn't expect?" said he. "When did you ever expect? When did you ever calculate, or look forward, you contemptible dog?"

"These are hard words, uncle!"

"Hard words? Feathers, to peil such an idiot as you with!" said he. "Here! Be thy Snap! Look at him!"

Betsy Snap was a wretched, hard-favoured, yellow woman—our only domestic—always employed at this time of the morning, in rubbing my uncle's legs. As my uncle adjured her to look at me, he knelt, put his lean grip on the crown of her head, she kneeled beside him, and turned her face towards me. An involuntary thought connecting them both with the Dissecting-room, as it most often been in the surgeon's time, passed across my mind in the midst of my anxiety.

"My dear John Spatter," I assured him, "that is precisely what I mean."

"And when you are too easy?" pursued John, his face glowing with friendship, you must allow me to prevent that imperfection in your nature from being taken advantage of, by any one; you must not expect me to honour it!"

"My dear John Spatter," I interrupted, "I don't expect you to honour it. I want to correct it."

"Exactly so!" cried I. "We both have the same end in view; and, honourably seeking it, and fully trusting one another, and having but one interest."

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"I am sure of it!" returned John Spatter. And we shake hands most affectionately.

I took John home to my Castle, and we had a very happy day. Our partnership thrived well. My friend and partner supplied what I wanted, as I had foreseen that he would; and by improving both the business and myself, amply acknowledged any little rise in life to which I had helped him.

I am not so bad the poor relation looked mildly about him for contradiction; that I am nobody's enemy but my own. That I never met with any particular success in anything. That I failed in business, not being prepared for the interested designs of my partner. That I failed in love, because I was ridiculously trustful—in thinking it impossible that Christians could deceive me. That I failed in my expectations from my uncle Chill, on account of not being as sharp as he could have wished in worldly matters. That, through life, I have been rather put upon and disappointed, in a general way. That I am at present a bachelor of between fifty-nine and sixty years of age, living on a limited income in the form of a quarterly allowance, to which I see that John our esteemed host wishes me to make no further allusion.

The supposition as to my present pursuits and habitation is to the following effect.

I live in a lodgings in the Clapham Road—a very clean back room, in a very respectable house—where I am expected now to be at home in the daytime, unless poorly; and which I usually leave in the morning at nine o'clock, on pretence of going to business. I take my breakfast—my roll and butter, and my half-pint of coffee—at the old established coffee-shop near Westminster Bridge; and then I go into the City—I don't know why—and sit in Garraway's Coffee House, and on Change, and walk about, and look into a few offices and counting-houses where some of my relations or acquaintances are so as to tolerate me, and where I stand by the fire if the weather happens to be cold. I get through the day in this way until five o'clock, and then I dine at a cost, on the average, of one, and three-pence. Having still a little money to spend on my evening's entertainment, I locate myself in the old established coffee-shop as I go home, and take my tea, and perhaps my bit of toast. So the large hand of the clock makes its way round to the morning hour again, I make my way round to the Clapham Road again, and go to bed when I get to my lodgings—fees being expensive, and object to be paid on account of its giving trouble and making a dirt.

This fact was admitted, but another gentleman remarked that Mrs. Mott was dangerous, as her sermons were powerfully inciting.

"Is she perhaps a fighting Quaker?" inquired I, "who appeals to the words of the Saviour, that he did not come to send peace on earth, but the sword?"

"I am a fighting Quaker myself," said the gentleman; "my forefathers fought in the revolutionary war, but Mrs. Mott is a Hickock."

To my inquiry, what were the tenets of the Hickocks inspiring such dislike, I got the answer: "They are very bad, very bad; they, in fact, believe nothing."

This assertion was so contradictory to the impression left on my mind by Mrs. Mott, that I attentively perused some of her sermons, and I found them pervaded by that fervent desire to seek truth and do right, of which Jesus teaches us that blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled; and therefore, although my views differ from hers on many points, I perceived that party-feeling must be strong in Philadelphia to arouse such unjust views as I had heard expressed, and I could not help thinking that the meddling

"Now, Mr. Michael," said he, "before we part, I should like to have a word with these ladies in your presence."

"As you will, sir," I returned; "but you deserve yourself, and wrong us, cruelly, if you suppose that there is any feeling at stake in this contract but pure, disinterested, faithful love."

To this he only replied, "You lie!" and not one other word.

We went, through half-thawed snow and half-frozen rain, to the house where Christians and her mother lived. My uncle knew them very well, and they were sitting at their breakfast, and were surprised to see us at that hour.

"Your servant, ma'am," said my uncle to the mother. "You divine the purpose of my visit, I dare say, ma'am. I understand there is a world of pure, disinterested, faithful love cooped up here. I am happy to bring it all it wants, to make it complete. I bring you your son-in-law, ma'am—and your husband, miss. The gentleman is a perfect stranger to me, but I wish him joy of his wife again."

He snarled at me as he went out, and I never saw him again.

It is altogether a mistake (continued the poor relation) to suppose that my dear Christians, overpersuaded and influenced by her mother, married a rich man, the dirt from whose carriage wheels often, in these changed times, thrown upon me as she rides by. No! No! She married me.

The way we came to be married rather sooner than was intended, was this. I took a frugal lodging and was saving and planning for her sake, when, one day, she spoke to me with great earnestness, and said:

"My dear Michael, I have given you my heart. I have said that I loved you, and I have pledged myself to be your wife. I am as much yours through all changes of good and evil as if we had been married on the day when such words passed between us."

"I know you well, and know that if we should be separated and our union broken off, your whole life would be shadowed, and all that might, even now be stronger in your character for the conflict with the world would then be weakened to the shadow of what it is!"

"God help me, Christians!" said I. "You speak the truth."

"Michael!" said she, putting her hand in mine, in all maidenly devotion, "let us keep apart no longer. It is but for me to say that I can live contented upon such means as you have, and I well know that you are happy. I say so from my heart. Strive no more alone; let us strive together. My dear Michael, it is not right that I should keep secret from you what I do not suspect, but what distresses my whole life. My mother, without considering the what you have lost, you have lost for me, and on the assurance of my faith, set her heart on riches, and urges another suit upon me, to my misery. I cannot bear this for to bear it is to be untrue to you. I would rather share your struggles than look on; I want no better home than you can give me. I know that you will aspire and labour with a higher courage if I am wholly yours, and let it be so when you will!"

I was blest indeed, that day, and a new world opened to me. We were married in a very little while, and I took my wife to our happy home. That was the beginning of the residence I have spoken of; the Castle we have ever since inhabited together, dates from that time. All our children have been born in it. Our first child—now married—was a little girl, whom we called Christians. Her son is so like Little Frank, that I hardly know which is which.

The current impression as to my partner's dealings with me is quite erroneous. He did not begin to treat me coldly, as a poor simpleton, when I came to him; and I so fatally quarrelled; nor did he afterwards gradually possess himself of our business and edge me out. On the contrary, he behaved to me with the utmost good faith and honesty.

Matters between us thus took their turn: On the day of my separation from my uncle, and even before the arrival at our counting-house of my trucks (which he sent after me, not carriag'd), I went down to our room of business, on our little wharf, overlooking the river; and there I told John Spatter what had happened. John did not say, in reply, that rich old relatives were palpable facts, and that love and sentiment were moonshine and fiction. He addressed me thus:

"Michael," said John. "We were at school together, and I generally had the knack of getting on better than you, and making a higher reputation."

"Although," said John, "I borrowed your books, and lost them; and took your pocket-money, and never repaid it; yet got you to buy my damaged knives at a higher price than I had given for them new; and to own to the windows that I had broken."

"All not worth mentioning," John Spatter," said I, "but certainly true."

"When you were first established in this infant business, which promises to thrive so well," pursued John, "I came to you, in my search for almost any employment, and you made me your clerk."

"Still less worth mentioning," said John Spatter, "is that I am a poor head for business, and that I was really useful to the business, and thought it an act of justice soon to make you my partner."

"Still less worth mentioning than you have recalled, John Spatter," said I, "for I am and am sensible of your merits and my deficiencies."

"And finding that I had a poor head for business, and that it was really useful to the business, you did not like to retain me in that capacity, and thought it an act of justice soon to make you my partner?"

"Still less worth mentioning than you have recalled, John Spatter," said I, "for I am and am sensible of your merits and my deficiencies."

"And when you are too easy?" pursued John, his face glowing with friendship, you must allow me to prevent that imperfection in your nature from being taken advantage of, by any one; you must not expect me to honour it!"

"My dear John Spatter," I assured him, "that is precisely what I mean."

"And when you are too easy?" pursued John, his face glowing with friendship, you must allow me to prevent that imperfection in your nature from being taken advantage of, by any one; you must not expect me to honour it!"

"My dear John Spatter," I interrupted, "I don't expect you to honour it. I want to correct it."

"Exactly so!" cried I. "We both have the same end in view; and, honourably seeking it, and fully trusting one another, and having but one interest."

"My dear John Spatter," I assured him, "that is precisely what I mean."

"And when you are too easy?" pursued John, his face glowing with friendship, you must allow me to prevent that imperfection in your nature from being taken advantage of, by any one; you must not expect me to honour